1079

THE VILLAGE SEXTON,

To which is added,

THE BOATIE ROWS,

The Days o' Lang Syne,

THE LASS O' GOWRIE,

We're a Noddin'.

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THE VILLAGE SEXTON.

TUNE—*Cameron's got his Wife again.*

Donald Caird's come again,
Donald Caird's come again,
Tell the news by clachan glen,
Donald Caird's come again.

DONALD now our Kirk doth grace,
Wi' his eldrich hieland face,
And oxters up the Book in state,
O' whilk he kens the de'il hate.

Whiles he's gloomin', whiles he's civil,
Whiles he's like a raging deevil;
But to mak him guid, just tryste a lair!
Ay! that's the nick for Donald Caird.

Donald Caird can ring the bell,
Maist as weel's the Earl himsel';
But yet he canna just gart jow,
To Nicol's notes of "Lint and Tow."

But still the body's fond to bring,
Notes out o' the auld cracket thing,
And stead o' its auld ancient air,
He's learning't to say Donald Caird.

Donald Caird can wield a spade,
Fast as ony o' the trade;
Houk a hole, or lay a stane,
Gleg as ony 'round the glen:
Let him taste the barley-brae,
The mools he'll cast a storey hie.
Then rattling stanes, and skulls a' bare,
Are flung, like dirt, by Donald Caird.

Whiles Donald roars, when nane are deeing
Hoot man! 's a trade no worta ha'ing;
It is na constant bread ava;
Yet faith he winna fling't awa.

Now kintry bodies be good to Donald,
For he's cam aff the great Clan Ronald;
He'll watch the kirkyard after ten;
Donald Caird's come again.

THE BOATIE ROWS.

O weel may the boatie row,
And better may she speed;
And liesome may the boatie row,
That wins the bairns' bread.
The boatie rows, the boatie rows,
The boatie rows indeed;
And weel may the boatie row,
That wins my bairns' bread.

When Jamie vow'd he wad be mine;
And wan frae me my heart,
O muckle lighter grew my creel,
He swore we'd never part:
The boatie rows, the boatie rows,
The boatie rows fu' weel,
And muckle lighter is the load,
When love bears up the creel.

When Sawney, Jock, and Janetie,
Are up and gotten lair;
They'll help to gar the boatie row,
And lighten a' our care.
The boatie rows, the boatie rows,
The boatie rows fu' weel,
And lightsome be her heart that bears,
The murlin and the creel.

And when wi' age we're worn down,
And hirpling round the door,
They'll help to keep us dry and warm,
As we did them before;
Then weel may the boatie row,
She wins the bairn's bread;
And happy be the lot o' a',
That with the boatie speed.

THE DAYS O' LANG SYNE.

When war had broke in on the peace o' auld men,
And frae Chelsea to arms they were summon'd again,
Twa vet'rans grown grey, wi' their muskets sair foil'd,
Wi' a sigh were relating how hard they had toil'd:
The drum it was beating, to fight they incline,
But ay they look back on the days o' lang syne.

Hech! Davie, man, weel thou remembers the time,
When twa brisk young callans, and just in our prime;
The prince led us, conquer'd, and shaw'd us the way,
And monie braw chiel we turn'd cauld on that day:
Still again I wad venture this auld trunk o' mine,
Cou'd our gen'rals but lead, or we fight like langsyne.

But garrison duty is a' we can do,
Tho' our arms are worn weak, yet our hearts are still true;
We fear'd neither danger by land or by sea,
For time is turn'd coward, and no you and me;

And tho' at our fate we may sadly repine,
Youth winna return, nor the strength o' lang syne.

When after our conquests, it joys me to mind,
How thy Jean caress'd thee and my Meg was kind;
They shar'd a' our dangers tho' ever sae hard,
Nor car'd we for plunder when sic our reward;
Ev'n now they're resolv'd baith their hames to resign,
And to share the hard fate they were used to lang syne.

THE LASS O' GOWRIE.

Upon a simmer afternoon,
A wee before the sun gade down,
My lassie in a braw new gown,
Cam o'er the hills to Gowrie.
The rose-bud ting'd with morning show'r,
Blooms fresh within the sunny bow'r;
But Katie was the fairest flower
That ever bloom'd in Gowrie.

Nae thought had I to do her wrang,
But round her waist my arms I flang,
And said, My dearie, will ye gang
To see the Carse o' Gowrie?

I'll tak ye to my father's ha',
In yon green fields beside the shaw;
I'll mak you lady o' them a',
The brawest wife in Gowrie.

A silken gown o' siller grey,
My mither coft last new-year's-day,
And buskit me frae tap to tae,
To keep me out o' Gowrie.
Daft Will, short syne, cam courting Nell,
And wan the lass, but what befel,
Or whar she's gane, she kens hersel,
She staid na lang in Gowrie.

Sic thoughts, dear Katie, ill combine
Wi' beauty rare, and wit like thine;
Except yoursel, my bonny queen,
I care for nought in Gowrie.
Since first I saw you in the sheal,
To you my heart's been true and leal;
The darkest night I fear nae de'il,
Warlock or witch, in Gowrie.

Saft kisses on her lips I laid,
The blush upon her cheeks soon spread;
She whisper'd modestly, and said,
O Pate, I'll stay in Gowrie.
The auld folks soon gae their consent,
Syne for Mess John they quickly sent,
Wha ty'd them to their heart's content,
And now she's Lady Gowrie.

WE'ER A' NODDIN',

Guide-'en to you, kimmir, and how do you now:
Hiccup, quo' the kimmer, the better that I'm fou,'
And we're a' noddin', nid nid noddin,
And we're a' noddin' at our house at hame.

Guide e'en to you, kimmer, and how do you thrive;
How many bairns hae you; quo' the kimmer
I hae five.
And we're a' noddin', &c,

And are they a' Johnnie's: na, atweel na
Two o' them were gotten when he was far awa.
And we're a' noddin', &c.

Kate sits i' the neuk, suppin' hen broo,
Diel tak' Kate, if she be na noddin' too,
And we're a' noddin', &c.

Cats like milk, dogs like broo,
Lads like lasses, and lasses lads too.
And we're a' noddin', &c,

FINIS.